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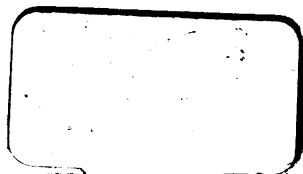
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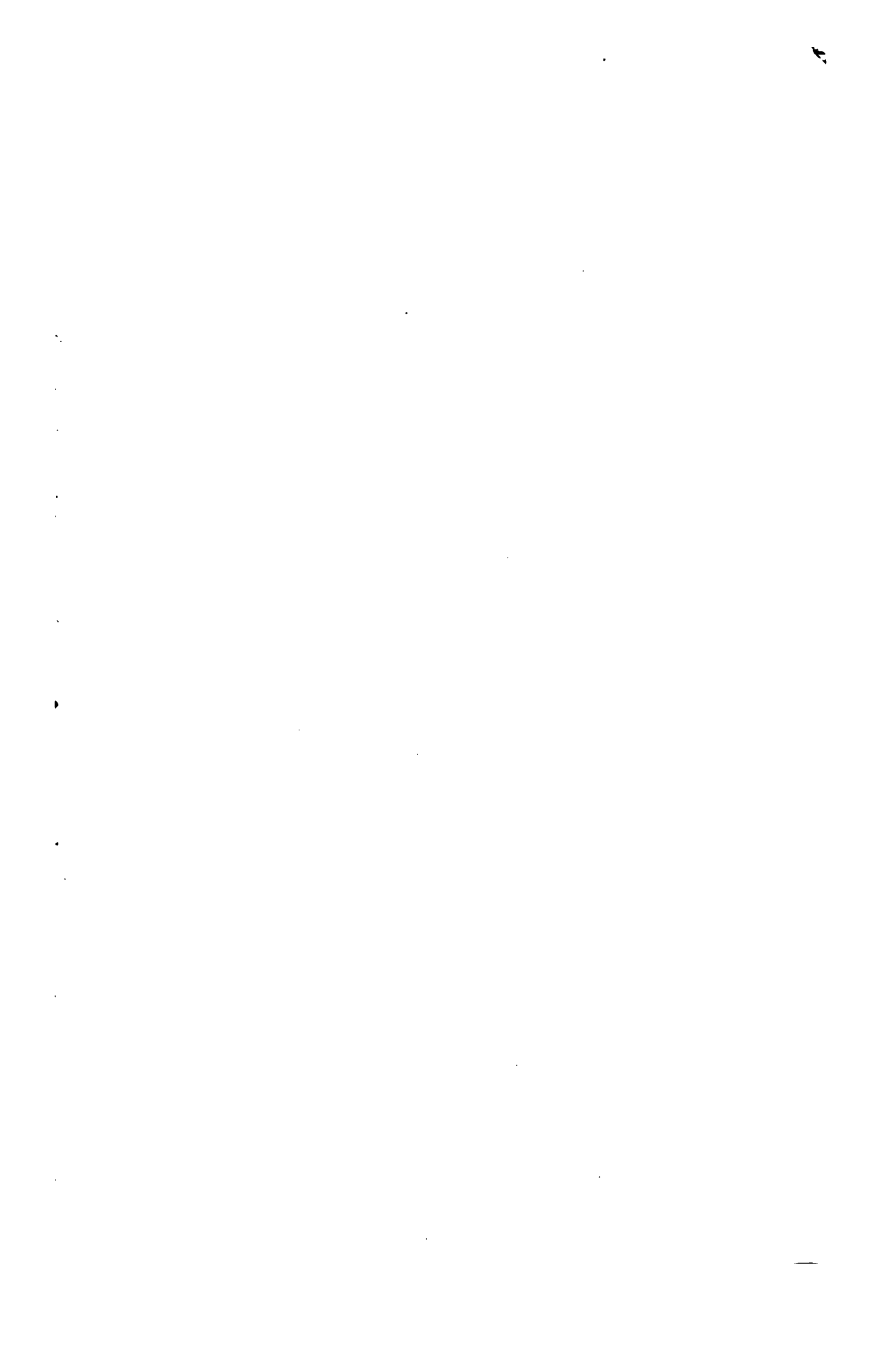
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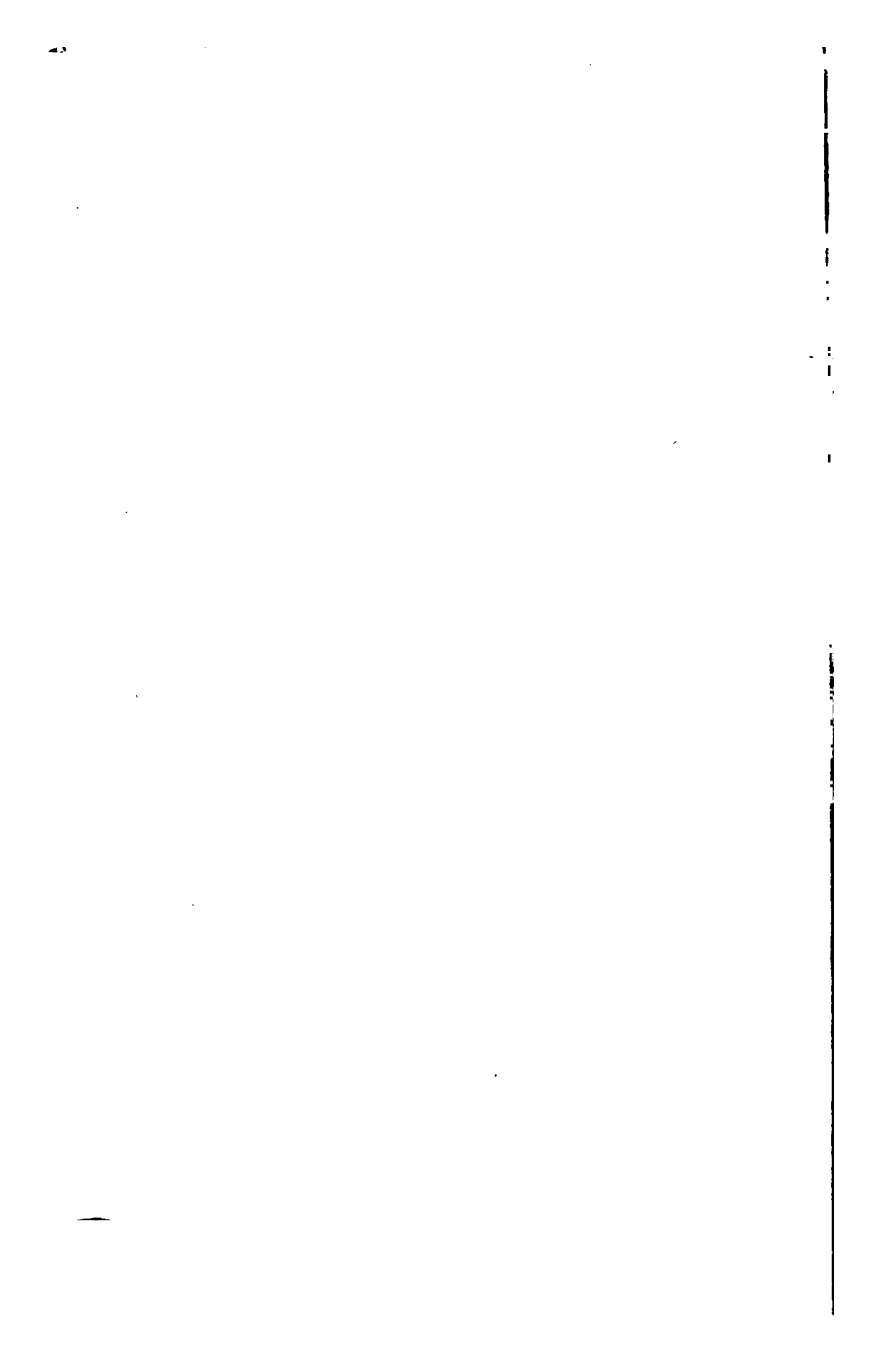


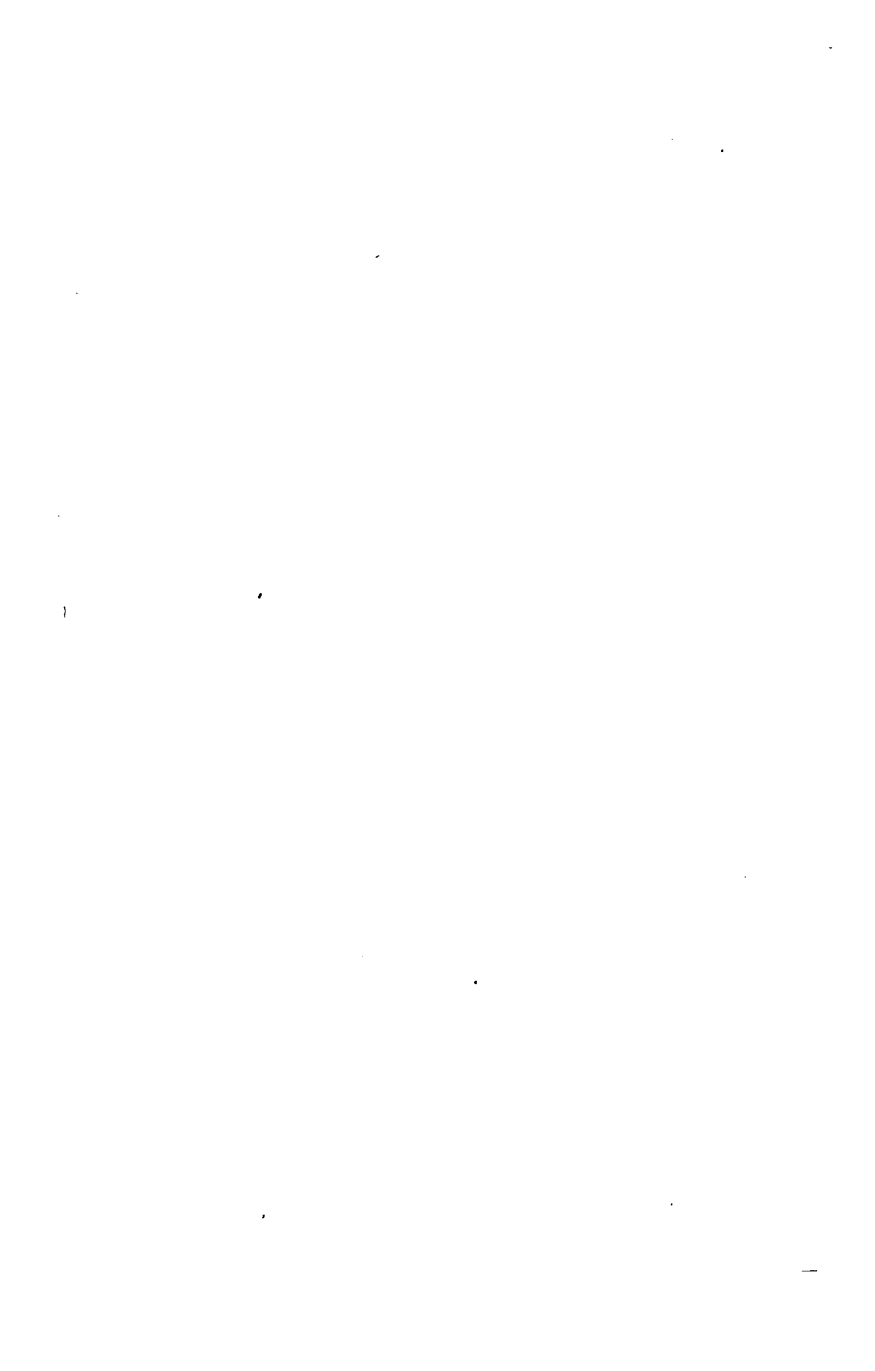
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NO ROOM AT THE INN

NO ROOM AT THE INN

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

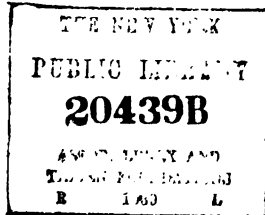
DWIGHT M. ^{or}HODGE



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Cambridge, Mass.*

TO THOSE
WHO IN A RESTLESS AGE
THAT KNOWS NOT ITS OWN HEART
STILL CARE FOR POESY —
THESE

WCR 19 FEB '36

The only apology the author feels justified in making for this printing of these verses is that he is often called on to furnish copies of one or more of these compositions. Most of them have appeared in print before, and the first poem in the collection had the fortune to be selected by the editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal" as one among a few poems commended as the best Christmas poems. One of the other poems was printed and circulated by a clergyman who heard it recited, at his own expense. So that whether he would or not the author has had a certain introduction to a limited public and finds an occasional demand it is not in human nature to be unwilling to meet. A few notes are appended to the collection which it is hoped will have some interest for the reader of the poems to which they refer.

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NO ROOM AT THE INN

1

NO ROOM AT THE INN

In fancy's fine clairvoyance I was led
O'er lands and waters, to the fields of them
Whose sheep, one sacred night, were shepherded
Where shone the distant lights of Bethlehem.

But finding the fields empty, I went on
The way where since pursuing feet had been,
Until I paused before a little khan,
And read the painted title, *This World's Inn*.

A jolly publican was at the door,
With servile welcome for each comely guest,
And bowing low, he turned and went before
To offer those who sought his house his best.

The portly merchant came and bustled in,
The weight of this world's business in his mien ;
The quiet scholar, reticent and thin,
The politician, selfish, suave and keen,—

A motley crowd of actors, dancers, clowns,
Who lived for pleasure and would pleasure give;
Soldiers in armor, priests in sombre gowns,
And those who sail the sea with Death, to live.

For business, learning, statecraft, there was
room;
For pleasure, priestcraft, wealth, and war,
and joy;
For all who labor at life's steady loom;
For such as scorn the tool and choose the toy.

And then two peasants came, a man and wife,
The light of hope within deep, dreaming eyes,
Their faces lighted with abounding life,
That prophesied some exigent surprise.

I heard one question, saying: *Whence come ye?
And whither do ye journey, and for what?*
They answered: *Out of Nazareth are we,—
We journey toward a country that is not.*

*Our treasure, truth, our business, the world's
good;
Pray shield us from the darkness and the dew.
He said: I cannot take you if I would,
My house is full, it has no place for you.*

*And much I fear that it would trouble me
To harbor treasure such as that ye bear;
My guests would fear such strange commodity,
I pray you seek some resting-place elsewhere;*

*Or, since the sun now dippeth down the west,
And danger lurks where treasure may be found,
Within the stable haply ye might rest,—
And hide your rare, strange treasure in the
ground.*

*And there I saw them, outcast, seek repose.
But ere light's flaming herald cried the morn,
And the old world to the new day uprose,
Unheeded of those guests, my Lord was born.*

JOHN HARDMAN

John Hardman sought to save his soul,
And win the great celestial goal.

He prayed; the burden of each plea
Was: *Lord, have mercy upon me!*

He sought in the baptismal wave
And broken bread some power to save.

He sought an offering for sin,
That scot-free he might enter in,

And, sitting among saints in light,
Reflect upon the lost soul's plight,

Himself the object of such grace
As saves one from the woeful place.

John Hardman viewed the world as lost,
With remnants saved at awful cost;

Yet might he of the remnant be,
His soul would praise God tranquilly.

John Hardman died. In lonely space
He woke and wondered at the place.

Dim forms of seraphs floated by,
With depths of splendor for a sky.

He saw nor sun, nor moon, nor star,
Yet breathing music came from far.

He felt a Presence all around,
Yet felt no hand and knew no sound.

He struggled to send forth a cry,
The sense of which was: *Where am I?*

No sound broke from him, yet he knew,
From far away, an answer true.

Long happy distances it crossed
And answered him: *In heaven, but lost!*

THE KINGS OF ORIENT

When ceased those kings of Orient
Whose quest led west to Bethlehem?
Was one hour's homage all they meant?
Was Christ henceforth no more to them?

Why waned the gift of Eastern mage,
If ever wise men came thus far?
Did old men leave the coming age
No memory of child or star?

The supercilious wise may smile
To hear the foolish legend told.
But the deep heart of man meanwhile
Upon its deeper truth lays hold.

And ere the dying year departs,
Their footsteps muffled in the snow,
I feel the beating of their hearts,
And hear the great kings come and go.

Wealth yet lays down its gift of gold;
Art lays its beauty at His feet;
The priesthoods bow down as of old;
The frankincense of prayer is sweet.

The magi's quest has never ceased;
The East has still its gifts to bring;
Yea, still the wondrous, slumb'rous East
Is seeking for a Jewish king.

THREE PRAYERS

Three camels o'er hot, desert sands,
Bore travellers from diverse lands.
When far domes gleamed in hazy air,
One said: *It is a time for prayer.*

Alighting, in his camel's shade,
Each bowed him to the earth and prayed;
And each one named his heart's desire,
That flamed from out the inward fire.

The first one prayed: *My purpose bless!
Give this world's honors, its success!
Prolong my days! As I grow old
Increase my friends, my lands, my gold!*

The second said: *Forgive my sin!
Permit me heaven at last to win!
When yawns the grave my soul would rise
To walk with Thee in Paradise.*

**The last one prayed: *O Heart above,
Whose ways are hid, but hid in love,
Give me through pain, and loss, and strife,
To enter deeper into life !***

THE WATCH TOWER OF EDAR

By the tower called Migdal Edar,
Standing like a broken cedar
By the road to Bethlehem,
Men in tunic, girdle, turban,
Watch the gathered flock suburban,
While the stars look down on them.

Theirs to watch with closest heeding
All such sheep as wander feeding,
Thus far toward great Salem's wall.
For law, priestly and judicial,
Has made all such sacrificial,
The great altar claims them all,

Wise men know that the Anointed,
In the secret time appointed
In this city shall be born;
Sure, the shepherds, that some token

Shall from Edar's tower be spoken
First on that all-holy morn.

*Shepherds whom the priest despises,
Said a sudden Voice, there rises
For the world a Morning Star.
A Great Shepherd, gentle, lowly,
Now is born and all the holy
Soon shall see Him, near or far.*

Lo, some sense of mystic vision
Sees a glory, bright, elysian;—
Rank on rank in bright array
Chant the song: *To God be given
Praise and glory! Peace from heaven
Now shall gladden night and day.*

Aged Chesalon, the warder
Of this watch-tower of the border,
Lifting up his voice declares:
*Now the altars shall be broken;
Neither flesh nor blood is token
Of the gift for which God cares.*

*If true peace with God you value,
By no pain nor slaughter shall you
Think to purchase any grace.*

*Love shall be the rising savor
Which shall bring his highest favor
Down on all who seek His face.*

After the temple had fallen,
As the disciples grew old
Telling the good news of Jesus,
This is the tale that was told.

NIGHT IN THE ADIRONDACKS

The garment frail of amethyst
The gloaming drew along the hills
Has faded; at his evening tryst
The owl this heart of silence thrills.

The pines that sentinel my bed
Wear magic shields of fiery light,
As flares the camp-fire's friendly red,—
Oasis of the desert night.

My chamber's ceiling is the stars
The fragrant needles intercept.
It needs no doors with bolts and bars,
Yet safelier none ever slept.

Seraghios of the Orient,
With heavy musk and subtle rose,
Are nothing to the odors blent
From pine and fir where I repose.

O dwellers in the city's heat,
Its pushing crowds, its noise and strife,
You do not know an hour so sweet;
You do not taste the joy of life.

To lie with nature is new birth,
Her peace steals all my being through.
You who ne'er sleep upon the earth,—
You need not, but — I pity you.

THE THIRD DAY

What time within the dismal tomb
There lay my sweetest Master slain,—
With heart still in that Upper Room,
Dazed with Golgotha's shame and pain,
In fateful, dear Gethsemane
Sat Thomas by an olive tree.

Hot head upon hot hands, he said:

*My mother Israel's light is gone!
All joy in her and life is dead:*

*The Messianic dream is done.
The ancient law can not give birth;
Its promise fades from all the earth.*

*How long it seems since here He prayed
Where too-late, loving lips have pressed!
The third day cometh. I have stayed
From Galilee at His behest.*

*How dark His saying: "The third day
Perfects my work. Watch ye and pray."*

*Lo, at my feet an olive shoot!
Must truth the seed lie buried too?
Must it in darkness spread its root,
As surely fig and olive do?
How long, O Master, oh, how long
This second day of rampant wrong?*

*Once in the synagogue we heard,
Unthinking of that Dreadful Cup,
The Master read Hosea's word,—
"The third day I will raise thee up."
But scribe and rabbi know full well
That this was said of Israel.*

*Yet from His eyes a light there broke,
And o'er His face some meaning played,
As if the ancient prophet spoke
A truth for many ages made.
—I wonder if Time yet shall bring
The prophet's Third Day to my King!*

RESURRECTION

How many times, O mighty Lord,
Against the past a stone is rolled!
The hopes and faith and good of old—
How oft undone by cross or sword!

Gods are unthroned, Messiahs die,
Temples are razed and truths forgot;
There is not left one sacred spot
Nor holy thing beneath the sky.

So desolate a growing world!
So jealous a transcendent God!
Yet buds anew the barren rod,
And blooms the waste where tempests whirled.

Beliefs to purest hearts most dear,
Christ for whom men would give their lives,
Lie buried. Life alone survives.
The spirit grows from year to year.

**So let grim death rejoice no more!
The risen Christ we all shall see.
He shall be more to you and me
Than any who have lived before.**

THE DAY THE CZAR WAS CROWNED

Ah me! I can never forget it
If I live a thousand years,—
That day on the plain of Khodinsky,
That omen of death and tears.

I fought and was wounded at Plevna,
And crawled on the field at night
Amid dead and dying and bleeding,—
But war has some awful right;

And men lying wounded from battle
Some glory of deed attends;
Khodinsky showed thousands of faces
Trod under the heels of friends.

I would choose me a hundred Plevnas
Of bleeding and dying men,
Of praying and weeping and groaning,
But not such a sight again.

Ere sunrise that morning they gathered,
By the Cossacks herded in,
And hour by hour grew impatient
For dole-giving to begin:

Till, lo, a great seizure of madness,
An ever-increasing roar,
Like that of a million of cattle,
And on to the booths they tore.

The Cossacks no longer restrained them,—
Can soldiers restrain the sea?
And the tide of their greed and fury
Left no one a way to flee.

Over men and women and children
The billows of wild flesh rolled:
Men cursed and we trampled upon them;
For women we could not hold.

Until, all at once, straight before me
A young, fair face gleamed white,
Just girl-like, and gentle, and silent,
Resigned to her awful plight.

Had she shrieked, had she cried, or clutched me,
My peril had kept me steel;

But God only knows the puissance
Of that face's mute appeal.

One flash of a shrinking spirit,
One look,—not a word nor sound,—
Drew from me one mad roar of protest
Till struggling mujiks looked round.

I flung out my hands and they grasped them:
Six great strong, brown-bearded men
Were knit in a firm circle round her
When the great crowd surged again.

With arms locked we held up each other,
With few words calmed her fears,
And we beat through that crowd and saved her,
Then fled from her grateful tears.

And I know now the power of silence,
And how weakness and gentleness plead,
And I know there are things more mighty
Than all man's fury or greed.

HOW WILL IT BE?

How will it be when, by and by,
I dwell no more beneath the sky?
I cannot hide the plain, hard truth
That victor days have buried youth.
We spin our cycles round the sun,
Unpausing till the end be won;
But what end none of us can see,
I wonder much how it will be.

I hope it will not all be strange,
A life beyond the reach and range
Of that experience and skill
That here have come through hand and will.
I rather choose to just go on
The way my days have always gone,
The same great laws around me still,
Earth's possible to quite fulfill.

I pray that that new life may be
As good as earth has been to me;

That I may be no shade or ghost
That no essential may be lost;
That what I learn through strife and pain
May always count for good and gain;
That joy and sweet serenity
Shall partly still depend on me.

For seraph wings and golden street
And great white throne I am not meet;
I would prefer a flower or two
Each morning, sparkling in the dew;
A few old scenes, a few old friends;
Old workings out from means to ends;
Or what will seem the same to me,
With all things changed in like degree.

To lose all these at death's release,
Or to forget them, is to cease.
But if God plans some sweet surprise
To dawn upon my soul's new eyes,
And when new light shall on me stream,
I find all better than I dream,
I'll bow my head, my feet unshod,
And say, "'Tis like Him—He is God."

BLOW, WINDS OF GOD!

**Blow, winds of God, and bring us on our way!
We set our sails to catch thee, if we may.
The night is dark, with storm and tossing spray,
And yet we trust the morning and we say,
Blow, winds of God, and bring us on our way!**

**We will not think we are the wild waves' sport,
A track is in the deep, that leads to port;
We follow and the hardship dare to court.
If thou but guide us, we shall make the Bay.
Blow, winds of God, and bring us on our way!**

**Sometimes the sea is lonely; there be few
Who sail with us to countries rich and new.
Some fear they might not safely weather through;
But yet our way is onward and we pray,
Blow, winds of God, and bring us on our way!**

DAS GEMEINE

Read before the Delta Chapter of Massachusetts,
Phi Beta Kappa, Tufts College, June 19, 1905.

Das Gemeine is the American Danger.—

Matthew Arnold.

Why should you bid the poet sing,
In days like these? What offering,—
What blossoming of heart or brain
Could give him joy or win him grace,
With all the world a market-place?

Who cares for song now any more?
Is not the old-time gladness o'er?
The sordid gods have come to reign,
And turn men back by land and sea,
From all the ways to Arcady.

Life's overflow it is that sings;
A glad heart quivers in the strings
Of all creative minstrelsy.

And calm delight in simple ways
Is breathed through every song of praise.

Lo, in yon elm an oriole
Voices a mood of nature's soul.
In a sweet, rippling symphony.
Unfolding summer's rich excess
Inspires his witching artlessness.

But strain and stress of selfish strife,
Wherewith we fill else empty life,
Drive men unheeding to and fro;
The tree-top lute no echo finds
In their dumb souls and greedy minds.

The lilt of life has passed away.
The spirit of the roundelay
That gladdened twilights long ago
Has fled the world, ashamed to face
Our undistinguished commonplace.

Once Wordsworth reigned with those who knew
Each flower chalice brimmed with dew,
The sound of brooks, the waving mead,
The choir that made the pastures loud,
Each lovely phase of sky and cloud.

Poor Burns's "crimson-tippit" flower
To charm the heart once had the power.
Such trifling things no more we heed.
On nature's self few care to look;
We read about her in a book.

Time was when men in wonder saw
Great seas poured out; in silent awe
They bowed before Niagara.
Our wheels, some dreary by-and-by,
Shall drain the awful current dry.

Forests whence all shy life has fled,
Which earth a hundred years has fed,
To make our sodden pulp, give way.
Earth's glory is to us far less
Than each day's printed vulgarness.

Such is our love of nature; such
Our reverence for beauty's touch
On all our earthly dwelling-place.
God's own long work, His grandest, too,
For gain we swiftly dare undo.

Shameful but true indictment; still
Might art the empty places fill,
Reclothe the barren world with grace,

And for the vandal hand atone
With Gothic beauty wrought in stone.

But where in all the land of gold
Does architecture gain foothold?
We breed no Giotto, Angelo,
And wealth can never give us art
Without another mind and heart.

No friends of unshamed marble we;
For us no Bacchante's dancing glee;
Such lightness fled us long ago.
Blithe fancy's play of soul has sped,
And visionless the ways we tread.

O lofty miracle of stone
Rising supreme in old Cologne;
Outflowering of a reverent day!
Men raised thy walls, or brought the price,
To give God fitting sacrifice.

Our loftiest pile is not to Him
Who walks among the cherubim;
Nor to His Prophet of the Way.
Our tainted commerce reaches higher
Than sacred dome or tapered spire.

If Titian or if Tintoret
We do not utterly forget,

Where is the soul to feel their art?
Content, yea, vain, the power we boast
To purchase art at greatest cost.

Libraries, tomes we may command
Through him who wields the Midas-hand
Who would consult the sages may;
But who shall give us the desire
To light a torch at wisdom's fire?

So meanly busy, commonplace!
So undistinguished in the race
God gives us leave but once to run!
The soul so poor, and wealth so dear!
The age of Ichabod is here!

Feeling all this, shall one dare say
These are the signs of rank decay,
The end Democracy has won;
That gain alone must mean success,
When all men are escutcheonless?

Not rank decay, we may be sure.
Civilization immature,—
Say elemental crudity:
A people virile, yet untried
In greatness fitted to abide.

See what rank growth of root and bole
The tree discloses, ere a whole,
To flower and fruit, the world may see!
Seasons unfold and pass away
To bring at last its bridal May.

Yet ever in that mystery
Resides an inchoate To-be,
The archetypal, perfect thing;
And leaves that burgeon and that fall,
Serve, knowing not, the end of all.

So, though it seems so wasted, life
Must have some end beyond the strife
Of living and of marketing;
Some master thought, some master will,
Which men, opposing, yet fulfill.

The dregs of all the nations here
May seethe and fuse for many a year,
In this dull mass of commonness;
Yet by-and-by, to earth's surprise,
Another type may crystallize.

The stunted lives from over sea,
That crowd our stores, seek narrowly
From fortune here a least redress;

Exalting over all beside
The lowest gift she once denied.

So, mad the rush and fierce the game,
Till time shall this rude instinct tame,
And men a deeper need discern,—
And burn to spend themselves to give
Diviner joys to all that live.

A remnant is our hope, — elect,
Distinct, high-minded, circumspect,
With grace and power to lead, and turn
Ambition's self to grander goals,
Unsought, unknown of meaner souls.

And of that remnant, sane and sound,
Forever be the Scholar found!
No single good his vision fills;
Nor his the need all strength to spend,
Toward one self-seeking, vulgar end.

How shall this common mass be led;
Made wistful after more than bread;
Shown the true cause of all its ills;
How shall the larger vision come,
If learning's oracles be dumb?

If freedom would be free indeed,
The larger life must always lead,—
Nor ever anything but that.
All else that bids men bend the knee
Is some new form or tyranny.

'Tis ours, O brothers, to begin
To bring a new republic in;
To make the noblest autocrat;
To win new love for art and song;
To show the gentlest may be strong;

To make a knighthood of great souls,
Whom honor's finer sense controls:
No petty priests of small reforms,
But men who know the one deep need
Of larger life with grander deed;

To find new ways to Arcady,
Though men deny such land may be:
To all that kindles, all that warms,
To all who dream and all who sing
To give a royal welcoming.

DEDICATORY POEM

Read at Franklin, Mass., May 30, 1903, at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument given to the town of Franklin by Frederic Atwood Newell.

O blessed days of blessed peace!
Sweet days of spring-time and of May!
Glad with a nation's rich increase,
Smile on this finished work, we pray!

And thou, O land! with North and South,
All hatreds past, at length at one,
Whose best blood stopped the sneerer's mouth,
Before all peoples and the sun,

Accept for all thy future years,
Thy generations yet to be,
This tribute to the wounds and tears
Of those who gave their all for thee!

With grateful hearts, O God benign!
This prayer to Thy high throne we lift,—
Since to reward and keep are Thine,
Bless Thou the giver and the gift!

Give to this sculptured stone the power
To stir men's hearts in coming days
To memory of that fateful hour
When at the parting of the ways.

Of life and death a nation stood,
And won her future at such price,—
A baptism in her people's blood;
Her bravest sons the sacrifice.

Why heard they in the booming gun
That threatened Sumter, Duty's *Must*?
Why failed they not, when at Bull Run,
The Black Horse trod them in the dust?

What took them to the fields of fire,
To slow disease in noisome camp,
To mad Virginia's hindering mire,
The rebel prison's deadly damp?

Think not that strife and epaulet,
The stirring sound of drum and fife,

Ensnared them in a hated net,
Or overcame the love of life.

For soon that glamour passed away.
They knew that man's work must be done;
They went not to keep holiday
Beneath the burning Southern sun.

Think not that passion's reckless rage
Drew them from shop and forge and farm;
Think not that their poor soldier's wage
Made bold the heart and strong the arm.

They hated not the men in gray,
For though they fought the fight like men,
On many a lonely picket they
Were friends and brothers once again.

When in the futile Wilderness,
Where flesh was grass, War mowed them down;
When they sailed down to dispossess
Proud Pemberton from Vicksburg town;

At Lookout Mountain, when they fought
The splendid fight among the clouds,
When forts at Mobile Bay were naught
To Farragut among the shrouds;

When Sommers found the rebel ram,—
The Albemarle,—and in the flood,
Amid the rain of bullets, swam,
In waters red with patriot blood;

When men feared not the whistling shot,
Nor quailed when shrieked the deadly shell;
When many a soldier's deed forgot,
Was brave as those the annals tell;

Oh, say not that for little gold,
Men dared and did, suffered and bled;
That valor was just bought and sold;—
Think not such slander of the dead!

They dreamed their fathers' land to save,
And keep its borders as they are;
To strike the shackles from the slave,
Nor lose from off the flag one star.

And worthy was such purpose, too,
An end for which men well might die;
For ever runs man's purpose through
A nobler purpose from on high.

And some deep instinct moves him on,
To ends that from his sight are sealed;

Long after he is dead and gone,
Will all his life meant be revealed.

We live, not for our age alone.
We work upon a pyramid;
And each age sets a single stone:—
The plan is with the Builder hid.

No earthly vision ever saw
The great America to be;
Whose love for liberty and law
Shall send an impulse through the sea,

And wake the sleeping Orient,
Quicken new life in that dead heart
Of Asia, man's first continent,
And in Christ's kingdom give it part.

Thank God men faced their saddest fate!
Thank God they found grace to be true,
And fought to make their country great;
But how great, ah, they never knew.

But in far days, when dust shall be
E'en the sharp edges of this stone,
"Old Glory," over land and sea,
Shall make man's highest grandeur known;

Shall be the pledge of righteousness;
Shall float o'er knowledge, peace and love;
Shall cross all waters but to bless;
An ensign of a King above.

Shake out its splendid folds to-day!
The soldier here his long watch keeps.
Though the Grand Army fades away,
Its Captain never dies nor sleeps.

WIE VIEL

Returning in my slender boat
From busy hours with rod and reel,
I hear across the alders float
A cry which mocks my scanty creel,—
Wie Viel?

How many? 'Tis impertinent
To ask the angler to reveal
The dear-bought secret he had meant
From envious rivals to conceal—
Wie Viel.

I penetrate the shrewd deceit.
Although the German tongue you steal,
My country's manners, rude, I meet
In questions like this shrill appeal—
Wie Viel?

VIOLA TRICOLOR

Heartsease

Purple pansy, tell me please,
How you get the name,—Heartsease.

But the pansy shook her head,
Laughed low and then archly said,

*Not for you that secret wise,
Ask not and I'll tell no lies;*

*I'm for thoughts, you ought to know;
Think, but questioning forego.*

Why should this dark secret be
Hid, Miss Heartsease, just from me?

Then low hung the tiny head.
You might have known this once, she said.

**Miss Flirt Pansy, please avow
Why I may not know it now.**

***They are blind who will not see;
You've your heartsease without me.***

**You're a vicious little dame;
Johnny Jump-up is your name.**

NIGHT

The night is a woman darkly fair,
Who comes with diamonds in her hair
And hovers around my restless bed,
And lays soft fingers upon my head.

With garments like angel draperies
Withdrawn from the light beyond the skies,
With scent like that of which lilies dream,
And eyes like a still, deep, woodland stream,

She wraps me as in a soul's embrace,
And weaves her spell, till I sink in space
To where invisible spirits keep
Eternal ward of the charm of sleep.

MARRIAGE HYMN

O Guest at Cana's humble feast,
Whose presence sweetens every tie;
Whose power and purpose have not ceased;
To these engaging souls be nigh!

Be their Guest, too; Thy name divine
Be owned where'er their altar burns;
Let love refresh their days like wine,
Poured new from Cana's sacred urns!

The one high Will may they accept—
In light or gloom its way hold fast;
Then shall they own that life has kept
The sweetest wine until the last.

NOTES

The Watch Tower of Edar. Page 12.

In these verses certain facts, not perhaps generally known except to biblical students, and upon which the beautiful Christian legend is based, have been with considerable accuracy employed. There was such a tower as is here mentioned, and it formed the boundary in one direction of the sacred area surrounding the City of the Temple. Sheep wandering within this boundary were claimed for sacrifice by the priests of Jerusalem. It is also true that it was believed that the advent of the Messiah would be first made known to shepherds. This feeling was a relic of the nomadic race instinct of the Hebrews. They come into real history as a nomadic people and Jehovah was originally the God of nomads. Israel never wholly outgrew the notion that the shepherd life was especially favored by its God.

The Day the Czar was Crowned. Page 21.

The world has no doubt been glad to forget that on the day of the coronation of the present Czar eight thousand peasants of Russia were trampled to death under circumstances such as the poem relates. An immense crowd had gathered, not simply to witness the procession, but to participate in the alms distributed on the occasion. Becoming impatient they rushed toward the booths from which

distribution was to be made and in the confusion and strife eight thousand are said to have perished. The incident narrated in the poem was given by the *London Times* in its report of the coronation. This poem was written soon after, but has never before been printed.

Dedicatory Poem. "*When Sommers found the rebel ram.*" Page 38.

Captain Rudolph Sommers, now of Franklin, Mass., a Dane by birth, was an officer of the navy in the Civil war. It was he who discovered the ram, the Albemarle, and at great personal risk repeatedly visited it at night, making drawings of the location and surroundings, and informed the authorities at Washington of the possibility of blowing up the dangerous craft before she could be launched. The plan of procedure was formulated by him. This was afterward carried out by Lieutenant Cushing, U.S.N. It is a part of the irony of history that Captain Sommers never received credit for his part in the affair, except among those who had personal knowledge of the circumstances.

Wie Viel. Page 41.

These two words express as nearly as it is possible to represent it in words the note of a bird the author has frequently heard in the Adirondacks. The last word needs to be drawn out in utterance to fully exhibit the sound as the writer has heard it. The words in German mean: *How many?* or *How much?*

